

gentle drops of “i love you”

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23506906) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23506906>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	The Witcher (TV)
Relationship:	Triss Merigold/Renfri Shrike
Characters:	Triss Merigold , Renfri Shrike (The Witcher)
Additional Tags:	Kissing , Cuddles , hand holding , Anxiety , thunder storms , Comfort , Fluff
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-04-06 Words: 436 Chapters: 1/1

gentle drops of “i love you”

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Brown waves touches her cheeks as Renfri looms over her. The bandit mimics a smile and leans into Triss's lips. It's sweet and flawed yet perfect. Kissing Renfri is always a gift itself - feeling the other woman's movements and tasting her tongue. It was art when her darling would get needly and hold onto Triss, and she would hold onto her too. But this was a simple and slow kiss. A kiss of lazy touches, whispering "I love you."

Notes

another rarepair skjdjsn! yeehaw

She skims over the skin with her pads, gentle and hungry for the feeling of her lover's hands. Vibrations tingle in her lips and tongue as she hums and touches Renfri's hand. A distant thunder is heard, and the rain runs faster in fright.

Green eyes look down at her with a calm smile and asks, "what are you doing?"

Triss transforms her humming into singing under her breath. She fits her fingers in between Renfri's fingers. The woman squeezes her hand, and Triss smiles and sings louder.

Brown waves touches her cheeks as Renfri looms over her. The bandit mimics a smile and leans into Triss's lips. It's sweet and flawed yet perfect. Kissing Renfri is always a gift itself - feeling the other woman's movements and tasting her tongue. It was art when her darling would get needily and hold onto Triss, and she would hold onto her too. But this was a simple and slow kiss. A kiss of lazy touches, whispering "I love you."

The kiss breaks and thunder roars. The witch pulls her upper body up, head no longer on Renfri's thigh but now on her shoulder, and sits directing on her rear. She presses her body against Renfri's she feels the rumble again. A hand settles on her head, and plays with her curly hair.

Their hands are still interlocked, and Renfri continues to play with Triss's hair. It calms the anxious woman down. Renfri takes her try at humming, and it is not as good as her lover's, but it is good enough to make Triss's body slightly relax.

Rain hits hard and thunder shakes the air. Triss lets out a weak noise, and Renfri quickly wraps her arms around the woman's and sings into her ear. They exist together. Renfri defends her love from the overwhelming sounds of stark light and Triss provides her comfort and strength in being a warm being who loves her.

Green eyes meet brown ones; they kiss again. It is not soft or heated, but it is loving and protective. Lips find home in another's mouth and separate, still hungry, but the storm still lives, and Triss is plagued with anxieties while Renfri is a knight against a dragon.

Triss hugs the bandit close. "It will be fine," whispers Renfri.

The witch shakes, and she nuzzles against her lover. The storm has yet to die but her dear is here, so she'll be alright.

No-

"It will be fine," repeats Triss.

The two woman exist and they love each other. Tonight they fight the mind's fears and kill it with kisses and mumbled words.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!